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# WHITE MEMORIES

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

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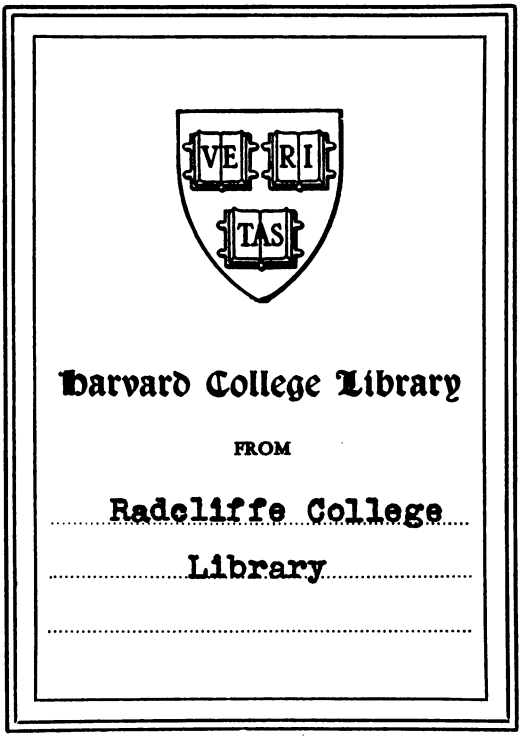
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To the Friends

Mr & Mrs James M. Bernard

With Warm Regards. —

Milton, November 29. 1892. —

# WHITE MEMORIES

# WHITE MEMORIES

BY

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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1893

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OF THREE

WHO NEED NO MEMORIAL:

BUT

WHOM WE LOVE AND REMEMBER TOGETHER,

AS HAVING BEEN NEAR

IN PLACE AND FRIENDSHIP UPON THE EARTH,

AND HAVING PASSED ON TOGETHER

AS IF HAND IN HAND,

INTO THE HEAVENLY PLACES.

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PHILLIPS BROOKS

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## PHILLIPS BROOKS

HUSHED is the grandest utterance of earth.
The strongest voice for God to men is stilled;
The world's thought so with such great death is filled,
It loses conscience of the mightier birth.

Brief leadership, and then — a silent bier;
A place left vacant that no man can take;
A corner-stone uprooted with earthquake:
So seemeth it to have befallen here.

Count we the other side? — God's days and years?
His ones and thousands? and how spirit powers
Once clothed in this humanity of ours,
Inseparate, urge it forward through the spheres?

When Christ was lifted up, all men were drawn.
All manhood in the Son of Man did rise
With one ascending to the shining skies,
Where the deep night was broken with great dawn.

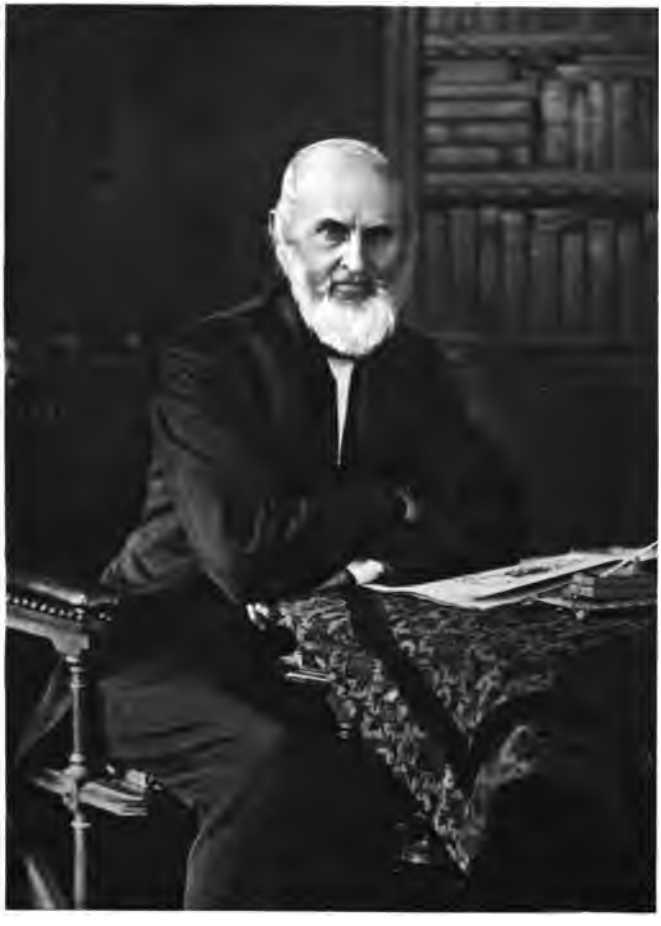
No smallest life can go without such hold
On the dear common nature it hath known,
Through something it has made its very own,
As moves that something with a force untold.

So earth throbs upward to the waiting heaven;
So each withdrawal is impulsion on;
And high departure is not helping gone,
But tenfold grasp of tenfold strengthening given.

We who have ever felt the pulse of him
Quicken our own with its diviner thrill,
Think we it fails, grows far, or faint, or chill,
Because he stands among the seraphim?

Priest, prophet, king! Death hath no touch of thee!
Life, surging with thee, sweeps our spirits in
Where thy new consecration doth begin,
Bishop of souls, for Christ's eternity!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

KNIGHT, Laureate, Lord, — no other name so high
Of all the titles men may call men by;
No other word all else doth so transcend
As that he simply chose and witnessed, — Friend.

For "Friend" means one who can love boundlessly.
No small relation, just of you with me,
May such a style and statelihood confer,
Or gauge its sign to soul-diameter.

"Friend" reaches all and holds all, draws all near,
Is heart to heart with the whole rounded sphere

Of beautiful and wide reality:
God's heaven, and earth, and dear humanity.

So had he friendship; so each thing was kin
And comrade to his nature. Deep within
He found its meaning, its sweet secret read,
And with strong utterance interpreted.

Suns, stars, and winds, mountains, and mighty seas,
And singing streams, and upward lifting trees,
And snows, and rains, and clouds, and blessed grass
That makes earth pleasant for tired feet that pass, —

All these were as a living part of him.
What others felt remote with senses dim,
Came to his spirit keen and all alight
With apprehension of interior sight.

So he was poet; so translated them,
As John revealed the New Jerusalem.
With grasp of all, he touched the special; wide
His love of one, with all he loved beside.

In such supreme capacity of mind
His great affection gathered human kind:
Fathered his race, like princely Abraham,
Because as friend he walked with the I Am.

He cared, as God cares, from the soul of good,
For his beseeching, waiting brotherhood:
He served as Christ serves, who from glory bends
And tells his fishermen, I call you friends!

LUCY LARCOM

## LUCY LARCOM

WHO shall make verse for her while her own verse
Stands written of her? Or who need rehearse
The story, noble-sweet, herself hath told,
Setting in silver lines its rounded gold?

Child of light, Lucy! a fair valley combe
Her quiet heart, where happy birds made home;
Sloping full eastward, so the larks took wing
At quick sunrise, and wondrously did sing;
Long since her name revealed itself to me
In such wise, without help of heraldry.

It was her baptism for her errand here.
Can her "new name" be lovelier? Its cheer

Of syllables so rich, yet lowly meek,
I think the angels will delight to speak.

And she is with them. Her dear work remains,
And follows, being one. Though higher strains
Open her heaven-touched lips divinely now,
She breathed their prelude for our hearts below —
Lovely transcription of the theme that waits
With its full harmony beyond the gates.

All things of sweetness and delight were hers.
In every line she worded, something stirs
Of that which makes air fresh and sunshine fair,
And life and truth a-blossom everywhere.
Hers the clear vision that could always see
In simplest form the central majesty;
Herself so simple and sincere of soul,
She read God's manuscript as open scroll.

These things are true of royal human nature:
Lowly to bow, one needs be high of stature;
Strong, to be gentle; grand, to be truly meek:
Such is the grace of which the Christ did speak.

This woman wore it all. Her spirit birth
By spirit law inherited the earth.
With quiet feet she walked her great domain
By quiet ways, serenely straight and plain;
Yet failed not ever of her regal dues,
But gathered, as she went, her revenues.

And now, right on, beyond the bars of light
Whose blaze shuts out our straining earthly sight,
By that same path so reverently trod
She passes to the very throne of God
Whence her high beckonings made sign, to stand
With sons and daughters at the King's right hand,
And take the promise of the holy page
That gives the blessed all their heritage:

"Come, to your Father! For this hour sublime
The worlds were built, and all the signs of time
Laid in their deep foundations. Ye believed
Greatly, and greatly therefore have received.
Freely ye gave; your Lord gives freely, too;
Behold, His Kingdom is prepared for you!"